THE NATION

MAY 5, 1962 . . 25c

Pyramiding the Profits

THE MISSILE MARKUP

James McCartney

★

'Old Clothes for Freedom'

BOYCOTT IN BIRMINGHAM

George R. Osborne

★

'THE LIBERAL PAPERS'

A Review by **Theodore Roszak**

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Johnson City, Tennessee

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LETTERS

The 'Just War'

Dear Sirs: In his excellent article ["Dilemma of the 'Just War,'" April 14] Theodore Roszak described the agonized introspections of theologians on the issue of nuclear war. In this regard, it may be useful to point out that the U.N. General Assembly Resolution 1653 stated unequivocally that any state *using* nuclear weapons is to be considered as violating the Charter of the U.N., as acting contrary to the laws of humanity and as committing a crime against mankind and civilization. This resolution was adopted over our firm "No" on November 24, 1961, by a two-thirds majority.

In the face of such a judgment by the world organization, and in the face of the fact that our government since then has repeatedly reiterated its readiness to use nuclear weapons even if the adversary does not, I suggest that moral sensibilities may be further sharpened on this topic: Under what specific conditions is it ethical to commit an international crime?

Berkeley, Calif. RALPH ANSPACH

Dear Sirs: In his "Dilemma of the 'Just War,'" Theodore Roszak gives a searching exposition of the moral distress in our time of non-theologians as well as theologians. There is, however, a third line of argument against civilian immunity which is harder to counter than either of the two he discusses. It is that a decision to go to war implicates the will of all civilians who do not oppose the war with every means they possess. . . .

In permitting the adoption and putting into effect of a first-strike nuclear policy, the citizens of the United States would will the possible destruction of themselves and their children and so would the citizens of the Soviet Union. In their own selfish interest and in that of their fellow-citizens, both Americans and Russians should, therefore, refuse to allow their governments to adopt a first-strike policy. A country that does asks for it.

This may be cold comfort to those who fear, as I do, that the balance of terror will be with us for a long time, and who see that the only chance of its working lies in the adoption by both the United States and the Soviet Union of only a second-strike, counter-city, nuclear policy. But it is something. I suspect that many of the out-and-out ban-the-bombers do not fully appreciate the terrible nature of the moral predicament into which God sometimes plunges mankind. So far are many of my fellow-Canadians from realizing it that they insist that Canada should never accept nuclear arms of any kind regardless of how useful they might be in protecting the American deterrent; yet they would be aghast if the United States were to decide suddenly to dismantle its deterrent unilaterally. J. H. AITCHISON

Professor of Government and Political Science

Halifax, N.S. Dalhousie University

Find the Loopholes

Dear Sirs: This is just a footnote to Gerald Krefetz's article "Wall Street: a Walk on the Wild Side" [April 7]. The following quotation is from an article in *Fortune,* February, 1958, entitled "The Wall Street Lawyers":

> Another massive situation in which Wall Street firms specialize is the issuing of new securities. ("Anyone can read the SEC regulations," a Wall Street lawyer says. "Nine-tenths of the real work is reading between the lines, and that's what we're experienced at.")

JACOB H. DIAMOND

New York City

Question of Dates

Dear Sirs: May I take it that the expression of opinion concerning my Brecht translations which you published in your April 21 issue ["Talks With Mrs. Bertolt Brecht," by Ben Shaktman] dates back to the time when the Brecht estate was in conflict with me in the courts? Otherwise it would seem strange indeed, as the estate has just signed a contract for a Broadway production of *Mother Courage* in an adaptation by myself.

New York City ERIC BENTLEY

The Example of C. Wright Mills

Dear Sirs: Dan Wakefield's tribute to C. Wright Mills in your issue of April 14 emphasizes once again the importance of academic involvement in the outcome of controversial issues. During a difficult period in Harvard's history, James B. Conant once said that "the essential force behind a university's scholarly work and research in all times and places when universities have flourished has been the connection between the scholar's activity and the burning questions of the day. The world cannot have it both ways: either the professors live in an ivory tower and their teachings and thinking have no relevance to the times in which they live or the professors are going to have views that somebody will dislike." President Conant added that "no retirement to a lonely hilltop is desired."

The example of Mills remains as a conscience to all of us who revere the hallowed ground of the campus where ideas can be freely subjected to scrutiny.

PAUL DOUGLASS

Professor of Government

Winter Park, Fla. Rollins College

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1962
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Illogic of Hypocrisy

In presenting the case for the necessity of test resumption, the President has relied on pro-test advisers who have been guilty of gross hypocrisy. Hypocrisy is not conducive to straight thinking: it requires one to give any reason for one's conclusions except the true reason. As the process unfolds, the evasions and distortions become more and more transparent. This is what has happened to the public case for the resumption of atmospheric testing; at the moment, it stands exposed as a bundle of ill-considered rationalizations. A blunt statement of the real reasons would have been less embarrassing and perhaps less harmful. The uncommitted nations will pay no more attention to the rationalizations offered in Washington than they did to Mr. Khrushchev's excuses. If the neutrals condemn us more severely than the Soviets, it is because they know that we are, and have been right along, far ahead in the arms race and could well have afforded to make a tentative break in the fatal chain of action and reaction.

Because they are reluctant to state their real reasons, the President's advisers have induced him to take the position that the Russians had left him no alternative but to order a resumption of atmospheric tests. And the press, which on issues of this sort lines up solidly in support of the Establishment, echoes this spurious contention. Thus we are told that the President "was driven to his decision" (New York *Herald Tribune*), that "No matter how deep his desire for peace and disarmament, the President and his key advisers felt he had no choice" (*Newsweek*). *The New York Times*, straining in its effort to follow the President's illogic, told its readers that "Unless we build an arsenal of nuclear weapons that would make nuclear war impossible, the result might be the death of hundreds of millions living today."

We sympathize with the press; it could hardly make a better case with the logic it was offered. In the same manner, and for the same reason, the press backed up the President in placing the entire responsibility for resumption of testing on the Soviets. The press also headlined—often in parallel columns—the Administration's new disarmament proposals on the same day that the House unanimously voted a record peacetime outlay of $47.8 billion for arms, with many columnists emphasizing that the disarmament proposals were largely for the record.

But the record, on which the American public must base its assessment of the wisdom of resumption, should also have included the analysis of P. M. S. Blackett (*Scientific American* for April), to cite merely one example of non-Establishment logic. Blackett is not only a Nobel Laureate in physics, but one of the leading analysts of nuclear strategy and tactics in Europe and one of the leaders in the defense of Britain in World War II. His reading of Washington's position is in sharp contrast with the view reflected in the American press. He quotes Roswell Gilpatric, our Deputy Secretary of Defense, who announced last autumn (after the Soviet tests) that we have a "second-strike capability which is at least as extensive as what the Soviets can deliver by striking first, therefore we can be confident that the Soviets will not provoke a major conflict." Blackett shows (quoting *The New York Times* of November 27) that both the "missile gap" and the "bomber gap" were pseudo-events, i.e., barefaced frauds, contrived by the Air Force to get increased appropriations and seized on by the Democrats, then on the outside and hungry for office, to discredit President Eisenhower and the Republicans. Blackett also argues that the U-2 flights (which President Eisenhower is now said to regret sanctioning) caused the Soviet military leaders to believe that the United States was seeking to pinpoint the few Soviet missile-launching sites in preparation for a first strike, and that this may well have led to the Soviet resumption of testing.

In fine, the rationalizations offered by the President and his advisers do not stand up. We are resuming tests to keep the American lead and to make possible an American counter-force strike capable of knocking out the Soviet retaliatory force. There is nothing to indicate

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that the President meditates such a strike, but it is quite understandable that the existence of the necessary instruments makes the Russians apprehensive. The evasion and distortion of fact which have surrounded the decision to resume testing is the clearest possible demonstration that the real reason for it has not been stated.

Kennedy's Words and Kennedy's Deeds

Intellectuals, artists, musicians, poets and the like — what C. Wright Mills called "cultural workmen" — are held in all countries to play a seminal role in society. Since few of them have ever had to meet a payroll and for many it is even something of a feat to get on one, in the United States they have generally been regarded as rather dispensable compared with businessmen. But President Kennedy, from the day of his inauguration, tried to show that he, for one, holds the cultural workmen in high esteem. He himself has written a prize-winning historical work; he has appointed college professors to serve in high places, and he has invited to the White House selected members of the elite of the artistic world. In this respect, the President has been a notable improvement on his immediate predecessors.

However, the renewal of nuclear testing seems to show, unfortunately, that when it comes to the showdown, Mr. Kennedy is made of the same clay as the run-of-the-mill politicians who have held the office. *The Nation* has every right to castigate the President on this score; no one can accuse it of having been gentle with Mr. Khrushchev when he ended the moratorium. *The Nation*, moreover, gets a kind of running poll of the cultural workmen in the normal course of business, and there is little question that for the most part they are bitterly disappointed that Mr. Kennedy has seen fit to carry on in the same old antediluvian pattern.

The pattern is that whatever your enemy does to you, you are automatically free to do to him, or worse. Among individuals, this violates every religious or ethical canon, but the sovereign nation takes little account of religion (except as a medium of psychological warfare) and holds force to be the highest virtue. The intellectuals of some nations — Germany in particular — have for the most part been quite frank in their worship of force, but many Americans, particularly artists and intellectuals, have fondly believed that their own country had worked its way toward the beginnings of a more civilized moral code. If not, what is the basis of all our pretensions? What have we to offer in the contest for the minds and hearts of men? If it is only a question of who has the most and biggest bombs and the surest means of delivery, we can scarcely expect their support on any other basis than fear — and hate and fear are not far apart.

John F. Kennedy, like Franklin D. Roosevelt, was born to wealth and position, if not aristocracy; in these matters, he never had anything to strive toward. Like Roosevelt, again, all he can work for is the regard of his contemporaries and — harder to get — the favorable verdict of history. He is a man of wit and intelligence, and he has said some good things. But what has he *done*? He sanctioned the invasion of Cuba. He raised the arms budget by a fourth. And now, without any real military need, he follows the Soviet example in resuming nuclear testing. Zola once said of a fellow-intellectual, Anatole France, that for a moment he was the conscience of mankind. If John F. Kennedy yearns for any such distinction, he must do much better than he has done so far.

Let the Pilot Fly the Plane

McGraw-Hill's *Aviation Week* (April 16) contains an article by David H. Hoffman which, if it could be read by air travelers, might temporarily reduce the passenger business of the airlines but would also reduce casualties. With the airlines turning increasingly to jet transports (as noisy as they are speedy), a battle royal among a number of interests is mounting in intensity. Those concerned are residents of the towns and villages close to airports, legislators whom these residents importune to abate the noise nuisance, the airlines, the airport operators, the FAA, the pilots and, least vocal, the traveling public. Everyone has a case. The airlines, with net 1961 losses in excess of $34 million and a chronic oversupply of seats, feel the $36 million they claim noise abatement costs them every year is all they can afford. The residents complain that the health of their families is being impaired and the value of their property is being depreciated; at least in part, the Supreme Court seems to agree. The legislators, the FAA and the airport operators are all under intense pressure to remedy a situation which should never have been allowed to arise and which now can be cured only by radical measures to which none of the parties wishes to resort. Consequently, the screws are turned on the pilots and they are the ones whose protests should arouse public opinion, because they represent not only themselves, but the passengers. When the pressure for noise abatement results in a crash, crews and passengers die together.

"A young pilot in flying school would be washed out promptly for copying the techniques we are asked to use to hold down 707 and DC-8 noise," says Capt. John C. Carroll, first vice president of the Air Line Pilots Association. "Management, the FAA and the airport operators constantly urge us to swoop unnoticed out of the sky, discharge our passengers quietly and, by using climb and power reduction techniques that under any other circumstances would endanger our licenses, zoom silently back into the clouds." When, as a result, a "cockpit crisis" occurs, followed by a crash, the friends and

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relatives of the victims wring their hands; after the funerals, business goes on as usual.

Legally, no noise-abatement procedure can supersede the pilot's judgment; practically, it can and does. At New York's Idlewild, for example, where an American Airlines Boeing 707 crashed after takeoff on March 1, killing all ninety-five on board, the pilot's operating manuals prescribe a 20-degree left turn off one of the runways at what the pilots regard as a dangerously low altitude. A sign at the takeoff end of the runway repeats this instruction, and the controller who clears the flight for takeoff tells the pilot, "In the interest of noise abatement, do not delay your turn. . . ." If the pilot exercises his judgment and does delay the turn, or does not make it tight enough, so that the aircraft generates a measured excess of "perceived noise decibels" on the ground, he may be called to account by his superiors.

The ultimate solution is airports fifty miles or more from urban centers with wide protective belts and high-speed transportation between city and airport. That is a decade or two in the future. In the meantime, the traveling public would be well advised to support Captain Carroll's manifest: "We will not move farther in a less safe direction. . . . We will not turn nearer the ground, steepen our banks, climb at dizzier angles or throw away thrust — for there are safer ways to reduce noise." Let the pilot fly the airplane.

What It Shows

The segregationist Citizens Council of New Orleans is distributing handbills offering free transportation to Northern cities, plus $5 for expenses, to any Negro man, woman or family. They are told that when they arrive they can apply for help to the city welfare department or the Urban League and NAACP offices. The first New Orleans resident to take advantage of the offer was Louis Boyd, an unemployed longshoreman with a wife and eight young children. The family arrived in New York penniless and was put up at a hotel; after a few days, Mr. Boyd was offered a job as a handyman at $100 a week. So this particular incident has, for the time being at least, a happy ending.

If the North were short of unskilled labor, it might be appropriate to turn the Statue of Liberty through approximately ninety degrees, clockwise, and invite the South, in Emma Lazarus' well-known lines, to send the North its poor and abused citizens. The aims of the New Orleans Citizens Council are not, however, humanitarian. As explained by the Citizens Council director and by Rep. F. Edward Hébert, these migrations of destitute Negroes are being arranged in reprisal for the freedom rides of Negroes protesting segregation in the South. Governor Rockefeller said the tactic "violates every fundamental concept that we believe in as a people." Senator Javits denounced it as a "shocking and shameful act." Senator Keating called the program "cruel and callous." Dr. Edward S. Lewis, director of the Urban League in New York, said it was a "vicious publicity stunt designed to embarrass the North."

All of which is true. But primary attention should be focused not on the scurvy plotters who thought up the scheme, but on what it shows about our supposedly affluent society. People like the Boyds do not know that it is affluent, and the bulk of employed lower-middle-class citizens clearly do not know it either, for a tremor of fear runs through any community which is threatened with an influx of unskilled labor. And with good reason, it must be admitted, when national unemployment stands at more than 4,000,000 and shows no sign of any permanent, substantial decrease.

The tension under which all but the very prosperous live is shown by this almost instinctive reaction. When a man can live in any sort of dignity only if he has a job (and a rather good job at that), and when, with all the trumpeting of affluence, there are not enough jobs to go around, panic and hostility are always only a little way beneath the surface. The South has succeeded in adding a bizarre touch to its own image of humanity; it has also succeeded in illuminating a problem to which the country has not found an answer — and to which it had better find one soon.

The Comic Touch

Major Arch E. Roberts, loyal partisan of Major General Edwin A. Walker, has provided the indispensable comic touch to brighten the rather lugubrious impression left by the General in the wake of his recent appearance before the Stennis committee. In blue dress, service ribbons in neat array, Major Robert lifted the curtain of censorship long enough, and high enough, to give the Daughters of the American Revolution a glimpse of the sinister conspiracies going on backstage. Principal targets were G. Mennen Williams, characterized as some kind of miscellaneous leftist or Fabian Democrat, and Mayor Samuel Yorty of Los Angeles, who was said to have had left-wing ties at one time. And so, in fact, Mr. Yorty did, but two decades of unremitting and spirited service in the cause of "anti-communism" — not to mention credit for having organized the California Committee on Un-American Activities — should have won for him the special immunity which Rep. Francis Walter promptly conferred.

But the damage had been done; the Major's heady revelations acted like spiked punch on the assembled Daughters, who began to see various phantom shapes and apparitions. Just before they were to consider a proposal to raise $60,000 to build a patriots' lobby at Valley Forge for the Freedoms Foundation, a super-patriotic organization, a Foundation spokesman ap-

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peared to present the D.A.R. with two Americanism Awards for "dispelling the fog of collectivist propaganda." He was severely cross-examined. "Do you receive money from the Ford Foundation?" he was asked. "No, no, never" was the reply. But the Daughters were not to be easily put off. For Freedoms Foundation had also presented an Americanism Award to Senator Thomas J. Dodd of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, and Senator Dodd was a "World Federalist" and therefore suspect. Nor were the Daughters pleased with an Americanism Award that had been made to Arthur Godfrey who, in a moment of blind folly, had once suggested that the D.A.R. should be dissolved. At this rate, it will not be long before cautious citizens will hestitate to accept an Americanism Award, much less serve on a committee to probe un-American activities.

THE MISSILE MARKUP . . *by James McCartney*

Washington

EIGHTEEN months of tedious probing by Senate investigators have shown that to many Americans the missile race isn't so much a race to build national defense as it is a race to make big money, big profits. To some segments of labor as well as industry, the nation's $8.5 billion programs to construct missile sites and to produce missiles and rockets have provided opportunities for lush profiteering. In some cases, profiteering has amounted to brazen gouging of the taxpayer.

At certain missile bases, workers have engineered wildcat strikes in order to build up millions in unnecessary overtime pay. Ditch-diggers' wages have been pushed as high as $287 a week — more than the nation pays its astronauts. Missile-base managements, on the other hand, have in some instances, according to Sen. McClellan (D., Ark.), "tolerated, acquiesced in, and encouraged" slowdowns by workers in cases where management also profited by delays and excessive costs.

But managements, at times, have been found employing other techniques. For example, they have rented tools at prices that brought in as much as five times their cost. Or they have staged coups like the one pulled by Western Electric Co. in renting two production plants in North Carolina from the government. Western Electric was reimbursed fully for $3,000,000 in rent it paid for the plants — and then proceeded to charge the government $209,000 in "profit" on the rent, saying the rent was a "cost of production."

Management markups on work performed by subcontractors in one missile-building program have at times run as high as 200 per cent profit on work actually performed in their own plants. Douglas Aircraft averaged 44.3 per cent profit on its own "in-plant" work on twenty-five contracts for ground equipment for the Nike-Ajax and Nike-Hercules missile systems.

Evidence outlined in testimony at Senate hearings strongly suggests that there has been a marked disposition on the part of some elements of both labor and management to regard defense spending as a field in which anything goes. The wage rate at one missile base, for example, was found to be 10 cents an hour higher than the wage rate for the same kind of work off the base. At the same time, an analysis of Western Electric's books showed that its profit on defense work ran about 13 per cent, compared to 9 or 10 per cent on civilian business.

JUST HOW widespread profiteering is in the defense program, now costing more than $50 billion a year, no one knows. Relatively little has been done to explore the field since the United States began committing huge peacetime sums to maintain a permanent armaments industry in the wake of the Korean War.

The most serious effort to look into the field began somewhat accidentally eighteen months ago, when the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations began to receive reports that workers at missile bases were engaging in crippling strikes and walkouts. A probe began which astonished the Senators; they found that the reports greatly understated the true conditions.

The subcommittee is headed by Sen. McClellan, who has achieved something of a reputation as a labor-racketeering investigator and is obviously no raving liberal out to make a reputation for exposing a "munitions lobby," as Sen. Gerald P. Nye did in the 1930s. But he is a hard-headed, relentless investigator who likes to hear facts, not theories. And he is dedicated to conserving taxpayers' dollars.

Once the subcommittee showed a disposition to explore labor profiteering in the missile field, it was natural enough that reports began to filter in regarding activities of management. No one on the subcommittee claims that anything more than a "spot check" has so far been made in either field. But subcommittee staff members believe that they have turned up conditions that probably exist widely throughout the defense program. As Jerome Adlerman, chief counsel for the subcommittee, puts it: "We've simply selected samples."

At the missile bases — Cape Canaveral, Fla., and Vandenberg Air Force Base, Calif. — the subcommittee found a pattern of wildcat strikes, often engineered to build up overtime pay at fantastic rates. There was the case, for example, of Joseph H. Baker, a journeyman electrician from Daytona Beach, Fla.

JAMES McCARTNEY is in the Washington, D.C., bureau of the Chicago Daily News.

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He averaged $538 a week over a three-month period. His lowest weekly wage was $426 and it ranged as high as $772. Or there was the case of James H. Wynn, an apprentice electrician, whose brother-in-law happened to be Robert Palmer, business manager of Electrical Workers Local Union 756 at Cape Canaveral. In one week, Wynn had four hours of straight time and 80 hours of overtime as a result of strikes—and earned $748. This sum, one subcommittee investigator noted, was considerably more than the combined salaries paid to Dr. Wernher von Braun and Vice Admiral Hyman Rickover.

MAX LASKY, administrative contracting officer at Cape Canaveral and Patrick Air Force Base, told the subcommittee what happened when, on one occasion, he refused to approve overtime pay. Electricians walked out and stayed out until he reversed the ruling. Chief Counsel Adlerman asked him whether he was subjected to any "harassment or abuse" after he refused to okay the overtime. He replied:

> Yes, sir. I received some services I never requested, such as delivery of sod or lumber or cinder block. My house was put up for sale by two different real estate agents who came to investigate the value, which I had never called for. . . . I received annoyance telephone calls at all hours of the day, wherein abusive language may have been used.

Lasky added that all of this ceased after he had approved the overtime.

No one seemed able to guess what the slowdowns and work stoppages were costing the government, but James D. Esary, Jr., corporate manager of labor relations for the Boeing Airplane Co., told the subcommittee: "I say let's talk about the over-all program, not just the Boeing program. I don't think we are talking in millions of dollars. I think we are talking in tens and tens of millions of dollars, in the excess costs that have gone on."

In its final report, the subcommittee noted:

> In general, the testimony was that the contractors were sometimes willing to participate in the waste because they were operating under cost-plus contracts. Working for a fixed fee, they were able to let the government reimburse them for the excessive wages and overtime pay.

Yardley in Baltimore Sun

"Could we use fewer intermediate boosters?"

HAVING completed hearings on labor problems, the subcommittee in May of 1961 began to turn its attention to profiteering by management. Largely on the basis of a General Accounting Office study, it selected the Nike program—a multi-billion-dollar program to place Nike-Ajax and Nike-Hercules anti-aircraft missiles adjacent to American cities as a defense against bomber attacks. From the beginning, the subcommittee was interested in what it came to call the "pyramiding of profits" in the program, and this subject soon became the heart of its investigation. Chief Counsel Adlerman says the Nike program furnishes only an isolated example of how profits can multiply in complex subcontracting structures common at the Pentagon.

An understanding of "pyramiding" requires at least some general knowledge of common Pentagon contracting procedures, particularly a system known as the "systems prime contractor." Under this arrangement, a single company is given the job of "prime contractor" for an elaborate weapons system and thus takes the responsibility for supplying the whole package. The prime contractor then lets subcontracts for parts of the job. Subcontractors, in turn, can let sub-subcontracts. This results in "tiers" of subcontractors—perhaps eight or ten, sometimes more. In any modern, complex weapons system like the Nike, there are likely to be hundreds of subcontractors, arranged in "tiers." In Nike's case, no one knows how many.

The prime contractor for the Nike

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program since its inception more than ten years ago has been Western Electric. Its chief "first tier" subcontractor has been Douglas Aircraft. The principal questions posed by the subcommittee involved the amount of work Douglas and Western Electric did on the subcontracts they gave out. How much profit did they take in these situations? Were they entitled to the profits?

A GRAPHIC example was furnished by a study of the procurement of "launcher loaders" — mechanisms from which Nike missiles are actually aimed and launched. Testimony showed that in the years 1952-60, the Consolidated Western Steel Co., a division of U.S. Steel, actually built the launcher loaders, under a subcontract from Douglas, in its own plants. Consolidated Western also designed the launcher loader, with some help and guidance from Douglas. In many instances, Consolidated Western shipped the completed product directly to the Army, by-passing both Douglas and Western Electric.

Consolidated Western's bill for the launcher loaders in this period came to about $155 million, on which it earned a profit of $9,285,000. But both Douglas and Western Electric "pyramided" profits of their own on top of that figure. Even though the loaders were built in Consolidated Western plants, with Douglas performing only general supervisory functions, Douglas charged the government $10,354,659 in profits on them. And Western Electric — even farther removed from the actual fabrication — also charged a profit on them, the total coming to $9,840,000. Both Douglas and Western Electric asked for, and collected, more profit on the launcher loaders than the company that built them.

The point, according to subcommittee staff investigator Robert E. Dunne, was that if the Army had bought the launcher loaders directly from Consolidated Western, it could have had them for $155 million. But the total bill to the Army, after all the other profits were added in, came to $182 million. Dunne testified that the profits on the contracts in the top three tiers totaled about 20 per cent.

AS THE hearings progressed, even sharper examples of "pyramiding" were cited in launcher-loader procurement. In one particular contract for 1,032 loaders, for example, the subcommittee searched Douglas records to find out exactly how much the firm spent in its own plant to earn its profit. It developed that Douglas had actually spent no more than $3,316 of its own money to fulfill the contract. Its bill for profits was $1,211,771. Western Electric then added on its profits, which came to another $500,000 or so.

At one point in the hearings, the chief engineer for Consolidated Western, Milton Karr, was questioned about what Western Electric actually did for its $9,840,000 in profits on the entire launcher-loader program. He explained:

¶A hydraulic engineer from Western Electric visited the plant where the loaders were being built and attended a meeting.

¶Two to five inspectors from Western Electric were kept at the plant, checking to see that specifications were followed.

¶Another representative of Western Electric visited the plant on one occasion.

The discussion of Douglas Aircraft's profit markup also centered on exactly what Douglas had contributed in its own plants. An illustration was furnished by the story of a single contract identified as No. ORD-1534. This was given to Western Electric, without competitive bidding, as prime contractor of the entire Nike system. Western Electric, in turn, subcontracted 44 per cent of the work — the subcontract was for ground equipment and amounted to $58.6 million — to Douglas. Subcommittee investigator Dunne testified that Douglas, in turn, subcontracted 95 per cent of its work to other companies, spending only $1 million of its own money on the project. Yet, Dunne testified, Douglas charged the government $2 million in profits on its $1 million in work. He called it a "200 per cent profit on in-plant effort."

Ben Roth Agency

"Maybe we overlooked some basic little thing."

EXECUTIVES of Douglas and Western Electric hotly disputed the subcommittee's conclusions, but not its figures. Nor did they challenge the allegation that, on specific projects, their firms had actually done little work in their own plants. They justified their profits on two grounds, essentially: (1) that the markup systems they followed are common to American industry and (2) that they contributed over-all planning and supervision. They said they assigned their profits on specific projects somewhat arbitrarily so that their total profit in the over-all project would be "reasonable."

The question at the hearings then turned to why it was necessary, year after year, for the government to continue buying everything through the prime contractor and the first-tier subcontractor. Why couldn't the government buy directly from the builder and thus avoid the payment of "pyramided" profits? At the Pentagon, the removal of a subcontractor from the contracting hierarchy is called "breaking out." Why, it was now asked, couldn't Consolidated Western's launcher-loader contracts have been "broken out"?

Several days of hearings revolved around this question and the answer slowly emerged. It developed that Army Ordnance, as early as 1954, wanted to "break out" Consolidated Western, and tried to do so. But in the last analysis, Western Electric exercised a veto that was approved by top Army officials. In all of the

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discussion on this point, there was a strange absence of the naming of names and the fixing of responsibility. But it became clear that Western Electric, in effect, had threatened to back out of the whole Nike program if "break outs" were approved. And Army witnesses testified that they didn't feel they could get along without Western Electric.

The message, in this instance, was clear: Western Electric, a huge corporation, had the Army at its mercy. The price the Army had to pay for Western Electric to continue managing the over-all system was to prevent "break outs" that would diminish Western Electric profits. Thus the government continued to pay "pyramided" profits to the corporation on launcher loaders for at least four or five years after Army Ordnance officials had concluded that pyramiding wasn't necessary. The Army's weakness in this case also came through clearly enough: Army officials acknowledged that they wouldn't have known how to do the job Western Electric was doing in the over-all management of the system.

THE FINAL question at the hearings, as far as Western Electric was concerned, was whether its over-all profits on the Nike system were "reasonable." The company, of course, insisted that they were.

The facts in the total picture were these: In all, the Nike program was a $1,545,100,000 project, including seventeen separate contracts to Western Electric. Western Electric did about 25 per cent of the work itself, subcontracting the rest. The subcontracts totaled $1,073,300,000. Western Electric computed its profits on the basis of the cost of the total project — $1,545,100,000. On this basis, its profit rate was 7.9 per cent, which no one challenged as excessive. But the subcommittee pointed out that Western Electric's profits on its "in-house" work — the work it actually did itself — came to 31.3 per cent.

The company also acknowledged that in the years from 1951 to 1960, its profits after taxes on defense business came to 13 per cent — a figure that riled Senator McClellan. Said the Senator: "If that is reasonable, I am mistaken."

The company's reply to this statement provided what some considered the saddest note of all in the hearings. Said Thomas Spicer, Western Electric's comptroller: "If you will look at the records of profits and returns on investments [of other defense industries], you will find that these returns are modest indeed."

WOMEN AT GENEVA

'GIVE US A MISSILE BASE' . . *by Mary M. Grooms*

ON APRIL 1, fifty-one American women—including myself—flew to Geneva, where the seventeen-nation Disarmament Conference was under way. In four days' time we talked at least once with each participating delegation; we had three formal meetings with U.S. Ambassador Dean, and met Ambassador Zorin four times—twice formally and twice informally, at receptions. All seventeen delegations told us that the mutual suspicion and tension between the major powers was the basic obstacle to reaching an agreement. The Ethiopian delegation stated flatly: "There has been no negotiating. They make speeches to each other. *No one has really tried to find out just what the Soviet Union will accept.*"

MARY M. GROOMS describes herself as a "suburban housewife and mother interested, as all mothers should be, in politics, civil rights and all matters affecting the future of our children."

May 5, 1962

In our first meeting with Ambassador Dean, one woman asked why the United States had been unable to sign an agreement. Ambassador Dean replied that it was because the Soviets were so "distrustful and suspicious." Another woman asked him why the Soviets are so suspicious. Mr. Dean replied that "they say" it is because of our invasion of the Soviet Union shortly after World War I and because of our bases surrounding the Soviet Union.

At this point, I asked: "If you can't reach an agreement because the Russians are so suspicious and they are suspicious because of our bases, why don't we close down some of our bases—then perhaps they'd be less suspicious and you would be able to make progress on the treaty?"

Mr. Dean smiled, replying that he didn't think that was the "real reason" for Russian suspicions. He suggested that we ask the Russians.

The next day, at a reception given by the Soviet delegation, I cornered Semyon Tsarapkin and asked him why the Soviet Union was so suspicious of the United States. He said: "Well—I'll tell you. The Soviet Union has military establishments in three countries near the Soviet Union. The United States has military bases in thirty-three countries around the Soviet Union. Each year you spend more money for weapons and for more bases. How would you like it if we had bases in Canada and Mexico and Cuba? We lost 20 million people in the war. We don't believe your words when you keep building more and more bases."

I said: "Mr. Tsarapkin, you have a point there. Tell me, if we women could talk our government into closing down some of those bases, would that help? Would that make you trust us more?" Mr. Tsarapkin gave me an astonished look, held up a forefinger and said, "One! Just one would give us faith. It would give us faith that it is not just empty words from the Americans!"

Later, I asked Mrs. Olga Chechetkina, the Soviet woman who had

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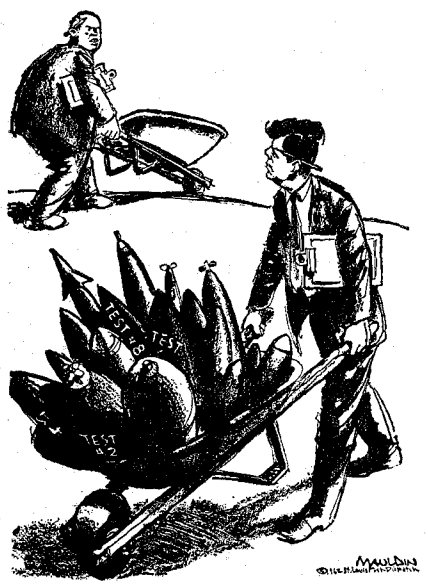
joined with us in presenting a formal statement to the conference, signed by women from ten countries, if she thought the problem of tension and distrust would be helped by our closing down some of the bases near the Soviet Union. Her reaction was the same as Mr. Tsarapkin's. However, she especially mentioned the bases in central Europe. She also mentioned the 20 million dead Russians: "So many of our people died because we were not prepared. Now the Americans arm our enemies again!"

WELL, we had talked with the Russians and had come up with what we thought was a constructive suggestion for relieving the tension that, according to all seventeen delegations, was the basic obstacle to reaching even the simplest of agreements. (While, of course, the suspicion is equally deep on both sides, as Americans we preferred to see our country take the lead, instead of continuing to wait for the Soviet Union to take the lead.) So now we went back to Ambassador Dean to "ask him for a missile base," as one of our women put it. Mr. Dean was no less astonished than Mr. Tsarapkin had been. We women had probably made a shambles out of international protocol in our single-minded determination to bring reason into the affairs of state. Mr. Dean's response to our suggestion was that we should "go ask the President"; good-naturedly, he wished us luck.

Our "request" for a missile base—and our subsequent suggestion that the base be turned into an international cultural center—were not intended to solve all the technical problems facing the men at Geneva. They were meant as a symbol — a symbol of faith in the coming of disarmament. We advanced the simple proposal in order to strike a blow at the web of distrust and tension that pervaded the atmosphere in Geneva. Until something is done about this atmosphere, there seems to be little hope for agreement.



"I'll be back."

ONE of our major areas of concern was the resumption of testing. We were amazed to find that the nonnuclear powers at the conference seemed to view the American plan to test with greater alarm than they had the Soviet tests. When we asked why they felt this way, we were told: "You started first. You are ahead. You should be the first to stop." In other words, the first nation up to bat in the nuclear ball game should be the first to put the bat down. If the United States cannot stop while she is ahead, they wonder, will she ever stop?

The neutrals told us that America's resumption of testing while they —the neutrals—were participating for the first time in disarmament talks would be viewed as a direct insult to them and as an indication that the United States had "nothing but contempt" for the small nations and their peoples. We were also reminded, when we mentioned that "After all, it was the Russians who broke the moratorium," that it was really France who had done so. Premier Khrushchev had promised that the Soviet Union would not test "as long as the Western Powers did not test"; France, a Western power, even though not signatory to the moratorium, had then exploded a nuclear device above the Sahara. The Russians, the neutralists assured us, are convinced that the French tests were conducted "for the entire NATO bloc." (It is relevant to recall that in June of 1960, while he was still a Senator, President Kennedy advocated bringing Communist China into the test-ban talks "so that the Soviets could not continue their atomic tests on the mainland of China without inspection.")

Responsibility

I am the man who gives the word
If it should come, to use the Bomb.

I am the man who spreads the word
From him to them if it should come.

I am the man who drops the Bomb
If ordered by the one who's heard
From him who merely spreads the word
The first one gives if it should come.

I am the man who loads the Bomb
That he must drop should orders come
From him who gets the word passed on
By one who waits to hear from *him.*

I am the man who makes the Bomb
That he must load for him to drop
If told by one who gets the word
From one who passes it from *him.*

I am the man who fills the till
Who pays the tax, who foots the bill
That guarantees the Bomb he makes
For him to load, for him to drop,
If orders come from one who gets
The word passed on to him by one
Who waits to hear it from the man
Who gives the word to use the Bomb.

I am the man behind it all;
I am the one responsible.

PETER APPLETON

As ordinary American housewives, we were shocked at the image of our country as held up by our "fellow housewives" of Western Europe and by the diplomats of a representative group of nations. There seemed to be a general conviction that the United States has become a garrison state that practices censorship and is prepared to bury the citizens of small nations under radioactive fallout.

At one juncture, while we were making plans to maintain contact after leaving Geneva, one of the women from Western Europe asked: "But can our letters get through your censorship?" A British woman told one of the American women that she had stopped writing relatives in Florida, "because I could only talk about the weather anyway. You know how your censorship is." Even among our friends, our image has become grossly distorted.

Of course, the view of us held by the Soviet delegates and the Soviet woman who had joined us was even worse. They have a deep suspicion of our government, a pervading fear of

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being misunderstood, even as individuals, and a real terror that we would give nuclear arms to the nation that had killed 20 million of their people in World War II.

The care the Russians took to make certain we did not misunderstand them or twist their words was almost pitiful. One morning, in Geneva, I had a bad case of laryngitis. At breakfast, I said that I did not see how I could visit delegations with my voice so low and hoarse. Olga Chechetkina had just gotten up to go to the end of the table; passing my chair, she patted my shoulder in a motherly fashion and said, "I wish I could give you my voice." Then she quickly added: "I mean only my voice! The words would be your words. But if I could give you my voice, I would!"

It made me ashamed that she would think I might twist her kindly, well-meaning offer. Yet, I knew from the reactions within the group of American women to a suggestion she had made earlier that we Americans *do* view all statements from Russian Communists with considerable suspicion.

Later that morning, Olga Chechetkina was one of 101 women who walked in silence for two miles through Geneva to the Palais des Nations to present our international statement to Ambassadors Zorin and Dean. In our statement, there is a sentence that reads: "The world is dominated by distrust and anxiety, which are leading to the catastrophe of mankind's total destruction." I looked back at Olga Chechetkina, trudging along with us "capitalist" women, in complete Quaker silence, and I thought it must be difficult for her. She had explained to us that, in the Soviet Union, people don't march. Yet, there she was because she too believed that our mutual distrust was leading to "mankind's total destruction." Suddenly the two miles to the Palais took on a new meaning. The words of Jesus from the Sermon on the Mount thundered through my mind: "If any one forces you to go one mile, go with him two miles." Olga Chechetkina walked with us that Biblical second mile.

I THOUGHT, if we could only get our leaders to walk that second mile, perhaps the world would be spared a nuclear holocaust. On our return to the United States, we tried to see President Kennedy at the White House. A week-long, 'round-the-clock vigil before the entrance to the grounds was of no avail; the President, we were told, does not see "demonstrators." The best we could do was to talk to some Senators and Representatives and some White House officials.

We have been rebuffed, but we do not feel defeated. This fall's elections give us a new opportunity. A petition is being drawn up which will pledge, we hope, at least a million votes to candidates who will actively support a ban on nuclear testing, the expansion of our peace agencies and negotiations for general and complete disarmament.

BOYCOTT IN BIRMINGHAM . . *by George R. Osborne*

Birmingham, Ala.

IN THIS sprawling industrial city of blast furnaces and steel mills, the pressure of racial tension threatens once again to disrupt the social and political structure of the community.

While many Southern cities have moved gradually toward greater racial equality since the 1954 desegregation decision, here the voices calling for desegregation have been heard only rarely. In this gray and somber city, sit-in demonstrations have been infrequent — and when they occurred, the demonstrators have been dispersed or, more often, arrested. Desegregation has not followed. Even the visit of the Freedom Riders in May, 1961 — the Riders were beaten by waiting Klansmen without any interference by the police, who had been sent home by their chief "to spend Mother's Day with their families" — did not end the city's bus-terminal segregation.

Today, under an order of the federal district court, interstate travel facilities in Birmingham finally have been desegregated; otherwise, the city has preserved its segregated way of life. But perhaps not for long, for the city is now in the grip of one of the largest protest boycotts in the history of the South.

BEGUN in mid-March, under the leadership of local Negro college students, the boycott movement seeks to have all Negroes refuse to "make any purchases, large or small" in any of the stores in the downtown business district, or in the branches of such stores in the outlying metropolitan area. Under the slogan "Wear Your Old Clothes For Freedom," the movement is designed to achieve three objectives: (1) desegregation of lunch counters, rest rooms and drinking fountains; (2) hiring of Negroes as clerks and sales personnel, and (3) a general upgrading of Negro employees from solely menial jobs.

In organizing the campaign, the students worked with the older, organized Negro groups in the city, such as the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights, headed by Rev. Fred L. Shuttlesworth. Radio appeals have been made, and thousands of handbills and pamphlets have been printed and distributed throughout the Negro community. One handbill asks: "Why spend hundreds of dollars at a store where you cannot spend twenty-five cents for a hamburger?" and "Why spend first-class money and be treated as a third-class citizen?" It urges Negroes to withdraw their trade "until we have accomplished free-

GEORGE R. OSBORNE, member of the New York Bar, recently traveled through Alabama doing research for a case study of Alabama v. NAACP, *to be published in the fall by Harcourt, Brace & World.*

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dom, justice and equality." Other pamphlets list Negro businesses in Birmingham where Negroes can shop in preference to the boycotted downtown stores. As a result, much of the Negro purchasing of food and clothing has been shifted to these stores as well as to the white-owned shopping centers and supermarkets on the outskirts of the city.

The students claim that the buying power in the downtown shopping area of metropolitan Birmingham's 200,000 Negroes is $4,000,000 per week; the merchants estimate it at $40,000,000 per year. The leaders of the movement state that the "selective buying" campaign — under Alabama law a boycott is illegal, so the Negroes don't use the word "boycott" — is over 90 per cent effective. The store owners and managers admit their business has been hurt, but won't say how much.

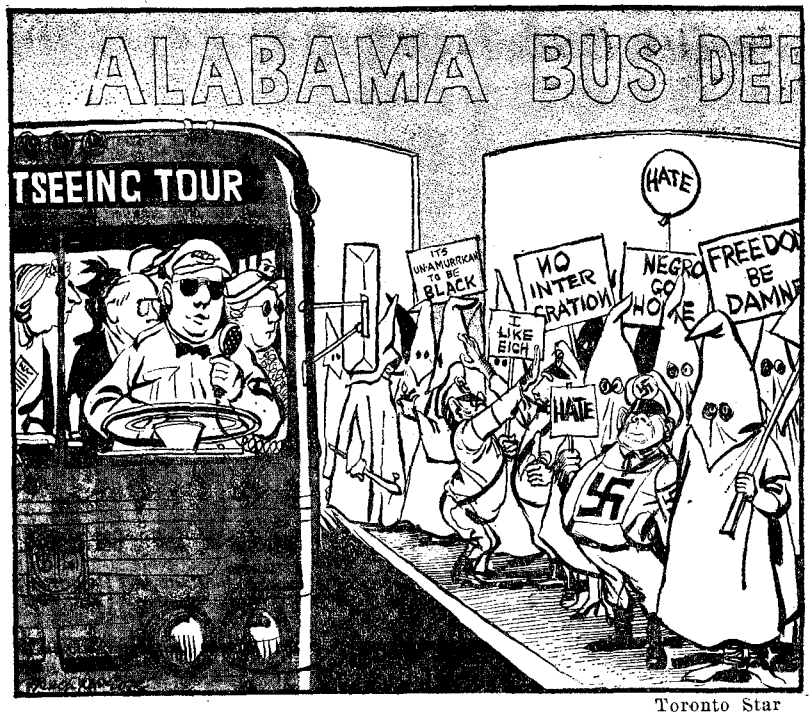
IN AN EFFORT to determine the extent of the boycott, I toured Birmingham's downtown business area one weekday morning in April. I walked through Woolworth's, where the shoppers numbered two Negroes and over seventy-five whites. One young salesgirl commented, in reply to a question on the boycott's effect, "It hurts a good bit, but I couldn't say how much." Across the street in the S. H. Kress store, where one Negro and about fifty whites were shopping, the salespeople gave the same response. I next visited Loveman's, where there were one Negro and perhaps 200 white customers on all of four large floors (one of the quality stores in Birmingham, Loveman's normally has a somewhat lighter Negro trade than many of the other shops). Here one salesman stated, "Business is definitely down." One saleswoman angrily muttered something about "Damn niggers," and walked to the opposite end of the counter. Loveman's manager was equally uninformative: "I won't talk about it," he said, "What's the use? All those Nigras are lookin' for is publicity."

Employees in Birmingham's other two major department stores, Sears Roebuck and Pizitz, outlined the same general pattern of decreased sales, although some people flatly declined to discuss the matter with me. (One middle-aged saleswoman sneered noticeably and said, "You must be an integrationist or you wouldn't be in here asking about such things.") In these two stores, there were a larger number of Negroes — perhaps ten to fifteen in each — along with approximately 200 whites. I asked one Negro woman why she continued to buy in the downtown area. "Everybody'll be back in here soon," she said. "Why should I stay out now?" Another elderly Negro woman stated, perhaps sincerely, that she knew nothing about any boycott.

Discussions with the manager or with salespeople in other stores in town confirmed, in slightly varying degrees, the meager Negro trade. One manager expressed the need for some eventual concessions to the Negroes (his store does not have a lunch counter, public rest rooms or drinking fountains). "The city should appoint an interracial commission," he said, "to talk with both sides." Stating quite firmly that he did not want his name used, he discussed the boycott in some detail, likening it to labor-management relations, and adding "You'll never end a strike if you don't sit down and talk." I asked him about the unpublicized meetings which had taken place between merchant representatives (of which he was one) and Negro leaders. Emphasizing that these meetings were necessary in order to work out some agreement, he indicated that they would not be fruitful until they received the city's backing.

A sharply divergent report of the boycott's effect came from one store in town, the J. J. Newberry Co., where not a single Negro shopper could be seen. The first saleswoman with whom I talked announced with obvious pleasure, "Our sales are better than ever." The next said, "We've lost some Negro customers, but I believe we've got a lot more white customers now," and added, "We like it better this way." When two other salespeople made the same point, I began to wonder about the spontaneity of their replies. Another of Birmingham's merchants later explained that Newberry had recently expanded and was experiencing a general sales increase.

CONSIDERING the character of this city's current political administration, the very fact that there is any boycott movement is itself quite impressive. The tenor of Birmingham's attitude toward community affairs, including race relations, is set by its three-member City Commission, consisting of Public Safety (Police) Commissioner Eugene Connor, Public Improvement Commissioner



Toronto Star

"And on your left, our Southern folk in their go-to-meetin' clothes."

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James T. Waggoner and Mayor Arthur J. Hanes. Connor, a former sports broadcaster known as "Bull" because of his deep voice, is acknowledged to be *primus inter pares* in this collective leadership. Tall, with a broad, sloping forehead, large nose, tight lips and small piercing eyes, Connor's power in the city is unchallenged. "Bull is still the law in Birmingham," one lawyer said to me, "and he has not mellowed with age."

CONDUCTING a campaign openly appealing to racial hatred, Connor returned in 1958, after a few years' absence from politics, to the Police Commissioner's office he had previously held for sixteen years. Author of such statements as "Damn the law — down here we make our own law," and "White and Negro are not to segregate together," Connor is one of the South's more colorful anachronisms.

In a 1960 speech in Selma, Alabama, he set forth his position on race relations:

> The truth is, ladies and gentlemen, they [the Negroes] don't want racial equality at all. The Negroes want black supremacy. . . . Yes, we are on the one-yard line. Our backs are to the wall. Do we let them go over for a touchdown or do we raise the Confederate flag as did our forefathers and tell them "You shall not pass"?

Connor's major ally is the big industry of Birmingham — the so-called "big mules." The largest of these industrial forces is Tennessee Coal and Iron (a subsidiary of U.S. Steel) which controls the economy of the city and exerts a strong political influence. Its dominance has long retarded progressive political development here.

With support of this kind, Connor announced in January that he would seek the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in the May 1, 1962, primary, and promised that the racial issue would again be in the fore of his campaign. He has kept this promise. In a speech in early April, he announced that one of his first steps, if elected, would be to buy one hundred police dogs and if the Freedom Riders ever returned to Birmingham, he would bring out the dogs and yell "Sic 'em!"

"I would like to hope," one lawyer said to me, "that someday the people of this city will wake up and realize what a fool 'Bull' Connor has made of them, but I don't know when it's going to happen."

Connor's colleagues on the City Commission are of equal mind with him. Recently a citizens' group was formed to explore possible ways to keep the city's public schools open if desegregation is ordered by the courts. The organization (called Save Our Public Schools, and referred to by the disconcerting initials "SOPS") was immediately attacked by Mayor Hanes as "serving no purpose other than to agitate and invite social unrest."

YEARS of such bitterly uncompromising political leadership have intensified the hatred and fear between blacks and whites. The lines of communication between them have been almost totally destroyed. There is no middle ground: one lawyer told me simply, "There is no forum here for moderates."

"If you recite the tribal rites, you are accepted by the people in town," one resident said, "but if you express any concern with the state of race relations, you immediately become a member of what James McBride Dabbs has called the 'aristocracy of the damn fools.'"

For those who indicate, or are thought to have, some sympathy with Negro aspirations, Birmingham is not a pleasant community in which to live. The tapped telephones, the threatening and obscene phone calls in the night, the eavesdropper and the informer are all part of life here. Burning crosses and the terror of the Klan and other groups are a constant threat. Police surveillance is ever-present. At the monthly meetings of the interracial Alabama Council of Human Rights, formed to help promote discussion of community problems, the police note the license plate numbers of those attending. On my arrival here, I was told by one man not to use the hotel telephone for any local calls. "After you have gone," he explained, "anyone with whom you have talked may be subpoenaed and told to bring his records along to court. When *The New York Times* published Harrison Salisbury's reports on Birmingham, a number of people were interrogated and at least one was jailed." He added, almost as a postscript, "Salisbury will never forget those articles, and a lot of people down here won't either."

The climate of tension in the city can be gauged by an April, 1961, field report of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, which concluded:

> Racial prejudices are incredibly tense in Birmingham. Until leaders make a concerted effort to control those feelings, the slightest provocation can be expected to unleash acts of violence as ugly and as frightening as any that Birmingham has seen in its . . . history.

This prophecy was unfortunately fulfilled a scant three weeks later by the riots which greeted the Freedom Riders as they rode through nearby Anniston and on into Birmingham.

THE POLICE reports of the bombings of homes, churches and synagogues are extensive almost beyond belief. In many instances, the bombings are not officially reported at all. The fear and terror are increased by the instances of outright beating and shooting of Negroes, and of whites who are thought to look favorably upon integration.

A week after a Negro college students' "prayer for freedom" in a Birmingham park, six carloads of men broke into the house of one of the students and, armed with guns, clubs and iron pipes, beat the boy and his mother and sister. The mother's leg was broken, her scalp smashed open and her hands crushed, and she spent three months on crutches. In a sworn statement, she said that one of the men who had beaten her was a police deputy. No charges were lodged.

On September 2, 1961, Creola Rivers, a Negro mother of seven, was taken from her car, transported into a distant wooded area and, under threat of death, raped by two uniformed Birmingham policemen. In later statements she identified the police car, and a neighbor who had followed the police verified her grim story. The FBI was advised, but the policemen have not been identified.

The Inter-Citizens Committee in

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Birmingham, with Rev. J. L. Ware as chairman and Rev. C. H. Oliver as secretary, has investigated many of these instances of violence and taken sworn, signed statements from the victims. The committee's file on cases of police brutality and of the terrorizing of Negroes is a well-documented source of evidence concerning lawlessness and intimidation in Birmingham and the surrounding area.

As these reports have become more widespread, some of Birmingham's businessmen have become fearful of the effect on business. Some months ago, the Downtown Improvement Association, the Chamber of Commerce, and a civic group called the Committee of 100, joined to form a new organization whose prime goal is to ease the city's racial troubles. The group condemned last year's riots and called on city and state officials to prevent any recurrences "at all costs"—the first time that any representative body of civic leaders has been willing to go on record against mob violence by the white supremacists.

THE downtown boycott was planned and organized by the students of Miles College, located just outside the city limits, and by students at Daniel Payne College and Booker T. Washington Business School, both in Birmingham. Support has come also from students at the white Birmingham Southern College.

Frank Dukes, the tall, thirty-one-year-old President of Student Government at Miles, played a key role in the operation. Born in Birmingham, he left Alabama in 1948, served six years in the U.S. Army, and was employed in a number of jobs before enrolling at Miles in 1959. An intense individual, his whole being expresses what he obviously feels to be the significance of the boycott. Dukes had just returned from making a radio appeal when I met him.

"I wanted to study Business Administration when I came here," he said, "but it's futile, for when I finish there is practically no place for a Negro businessman to work. So I am majoring in Education, and eventually I'll teach.

"I could go North, as many have done, but there is no sense in running away. I want to stay here and do what I can to improve conditions for all of us." Recalling his eighteen months in Korea, where he served in combat, Dukes said: "In terms of human indignities, conditions are worse here than in the war-torn areas of the world. The same men I fought for are the people who would kill me now."

HE then described how his increasing concern with Negro rights had led him to more direct social action. In the summer of 1961, he and several other Miles students conducted a moderately successful voter-registration campaign. During the autumn, the students grew increasingly anxious to take further steps to attain Negro equality. In November, they issued a five-page pamphlet entitled "This We Believe," which began:

> The whole history of mankind boldly and brilliantly declares that customs are not permanent, that life is change, and that the pursuit of happiness is the most dynamic and most inspiring adventure that has ever challenged mankind.
>
> We, the students of Miles College, have joined our hearts and minds for the cause of gaining those rights which are inherently ours as members of the human race and as citizens of the United States and of Birmingham.

The statement, distributed throughout the Birmingham area, listed the inequities suffered by Negroes, and called on public officials, civic, business and labor leaders "of all people of good will to stand up and be counted in an all-out effort to abolish these glaring practices of discrimination and injustice." As a portent of things to come, the students pledged their "unqualified agreement" with the student-protest movement, and promised "to use every legal and nonviolent means at our disposal to secure for ourselves and our unborn children those God-given rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States."

This statement was not mentioned by any public official, nor reported in a single white newspaper. Rebuffed in this effort, the students next sought to initiate contact directly with Birmingham's merchants, and letters were sent to the business community regarding desegregation of facilities and employment of Negroes.

By this time, the matter was no longer the exclusive concern of the students, for other Negroes were now affected, including Dr. L. H. Pitts, the recently inaugurated President of Miles College. An austere and impressive man in his fifties, Dr. Pitts met me in his office, and speaking in a controlled and carefully articulate manner, he discussed the boycott and the quest for Negro rights. I soon realized that beneath his occasional flashes of humor, this man possessed a formidable determination. Without his encouragement and assistance, it is doubtful if the students would have continued to press their demands.

"Frank Dukes and some of the other students came to me with their proposals for talking with the merchants in town, and I was in complete approval," Dr. Pitts explained. He then told how, during December, January and February, he and several students, together with other Birmingham Negro leaders, had from time to time met in clandestine sessions with some white merchants and civil leaders, such as V. Roper Dial, manager of the Sears Roebuck store, and Clarence B. Hanson, Jr., publisher of the Birmingham *News*.

"SOME of the businessmen seemed profoundly interested in helping us with these problems," Dr. Pitts recalled, "and at first things seemed encouraging. But as we discussed specific demands, the merchants expressed a strong fear of being boycotted by the white customers, if facilities were desegregated." They also argued that they could not desegregate until the city ordinances, prohibiting a white lunch counter from selling to Negroes and requiring signs on Negro rest rooms, were changed.

The negotiations served to reinforce the growing conviction among the Negroes that the merchants would grant no concessions without the backing of the City Commission, and that this was not likely to be forthcoming. "The whole episode over the closing of the parks," Dr. Pitts said, "gave all of us the feeling that with the present political leadership there could be no vol-

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untary desegregation agreement." Dr. Pitts's reference was to the reaction of the City Commission in December, 1961, when the federal district court ordered the desegregation of all recreational facilities in Birmingham. Rather than permit this to occur, the City Parks and Recreation Board, under the control of Mayor Hanes, voted to close about eighty public facilities, including parks, playgrounds, community centers and golf courses. An open letter in the Birmingham *News* protesting the closings, signed by over 1,200 whites, elicited from Mayor Hanes a clear guide line to official policy: "I'm willing to consider anything—except integration." To this day, the parks are still shut down.

"The result of all this," Dr. Pitts continued, "was that by February, strong sentiment had developed for organizing a trade withdrawal." The students spoke at group meetings and talked with ministers and other leaders and, finding a responsive Negro community, decided to begin the "selective buying" campaign. The students had two factors in their favor from the outset. First, over 95 per cent of the 800 students at Miles live in the city of Birmingham, and the same is true of the students at Daniel Payne and Booker T. Washington. This put them in close, daily contact with the entire Negro community. Second, they were young and willing to work and, perhaps most important, were not associated with any of the existing Negro organizations, and they could, therefore, hope for united support from all factions of the Birmingham Negro community.

THE FIRST reaction of Birmingham's business leaders, newspapers and public officials to the boycott was to ignore it. The silence was broken on April 3, 1962, at a meeting of the City Commission. Commissioner Connor rose to say:

> Last night, I am reliably informed, the Shuttlesworth crowd met and there was a lot of bragging about the boycott of our downtown stores.
>
> I move that we cut off our appropriations to the county for our surplus-food program. A boycott can work both ways. I don't intend to sit here and take it with a smile.

Mayor Hanes promptly agreed that such a step would "show the Negro community who their true friends and benefactors are." The Commission then unanimously voted to withdraw its support from the $100,000 county program of surplus food for the needy (a program under which the federal government supplies the food and the local cities and towns provide the storage and pay for its distribution). Since the Commission, in discussing the matter, estimated that 95 per cent of the 20,-

000 families in Jefferson County receiving surplus food were Negroes, there was no question as to who would be most affected.

From the standpoint of the boycott, Connor's move was most fortuitous; it made the boycott into a national news story and aroused the Negro community. In Dr. Pitts's words: "At first we were afraid the boycott would die. Connor did our people a disservice in cutting off the food, but he sure helped the boycott." Mr. Shuttlesworth said to me: "The most absurd part about Connor's move is that the people who are going to suffer because of the loss of food are obviously not the people who normally do the buying in the downtown stores."

The following day the Birmingham police arrested Mr. Shuttlesworth and Rev. James Phifer on a downtown street; they were charged with blocking the sidewalk and failing to obey the command of a police officer. A day later they were both found guilty and sentenced to 180 days in prison, and are now out on bail pending appeal.

ON April 5, the Birmingham *News*, in a front-page editorial entitled "Birmingham Face Facts," said: "It is time for Birmingham citizens to sit down and talk together. . . . Pleasant or not, the sitting down must be done." The editorial expressed concern over the impact on the city of more "unfavorable headlines throughout the nation," as well as over the economic harm to all races in Birmingham. However, it did not indicate which, if any, of the several Negro demands could or should be met.

Commissioner Connor continues to excoriate the boycotters with such phrases as, "These people had better pull in their horns, before they get them cut off." But the Birmingham boycott continues, and its eventual outcome is certain. The Birmingham officials have the greater means and power, but the Negroes have two advantages not possessed by the ruling whites: the fierce desire to achieve equality, and the imagination to make that desire a reality. One of the indications I recall of the qualities which distinguish the two sides is a story Dr. Pitts told to me:

"Suspecting that my telephone was being tapped, I arranged with a friend to phone him on the following Sunday, warning him to accept everything I told him as factual, but to do nothing about it. On Sunday I called and told the friend that the students here had scheduled a massive demonstration of picketing in the heart of downtown Birmingham for the following afternoon.

"I was out of town on Monday and Tuesday, and when I returned to my office, Frank Dukes came in and asked me if I had heard about what had happened Monday afternoon in Birmingham. Allowing that I hadn't, Dukes then said 'You should have seen the place. The sidewalks were almost jammed with police, and there were dozens of patrol cars on all the streets. I don't know what caused it, because there was nothing going on, but the streets sure were crawling with cops.' "

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BOOKS and the ARTS

A Modest Policy Proposal

THE LIBERAL PAPERS. Edited by James Roosevelt. Doubleday-Anchor. 354 pp. $1.25 paper. Quadrangle Books. $5 cloth.

Theodore Roszak

THE LIBERAL PAPERS may become a best-seller. And who would have predicted that? To all appearances, it is simply another in a growing number of collected essays on American foreign affairs, another good paperback primer of which reviewers would have said, "It deserves wide attention, but probably won't get it."

The Liberal Papers, however, has had something special working for it. The book looks as if it comes from the "inside," from vaguely "official circles." The essays it contains were originally prepared in 1959 for a group of ten Democratic Congressmen who, with some forty Left-intellectuals, banded together under the chairmanship of Robert Kastenmeier of Wisconsin in what they called the "Liberal Project." Some of these Congressmen were defeated in the 1960 elections, but have managed to find their way back to Washington along various routes: Johnson of Colorado and Wolf of Iowa are now in the Agency for International Development (AID); Meyer of Vermont is in the Interior Department; Marcus Raskin, one of their staff assistants, has joined the National Security Council. Now the study papers they solicited appear unabashedly in print, edited and bearing an introduction by Representative James Roosevelt. What does all this mean? Does it suggest that the Congressmen whose views these essays reflect have found favor in high places? Is the book a trial balloon for new departures in foreign policy?

I think the answer to both questions is, probably not. But because the book possesses this quasi-official character, it has been blessed with noisy political critics, whose alarm and horror have reportedly jumped the book's sales astonishingly — especially on Capitol Hill and in the Pentagon. (Even Tass, the Soviet wire service, has requested a review copy to see what all the commotion is about.) Prominent House Republicans were quick to denounce the book upon its publication as "suicide on the installment plan," "shoddy, naive and downright dangerous," "a design for destruction" and, of course, "appeasement." Moreover, the Republican leadership has demanded that the Administration either repudiate the book or openly endorse it and make it *the* issue in the coming elections. Quite a potent response for a book which may, after all, be just another egghead discussion of foreign policy.

And not really such a shockingly radical discussion at that. In view of the notoriety the book seems destined to acquire (some right-wing critics have identified it as the "extreme Left" counterpart of Robert Welch's extreme Right *Blue Book*) perhaps a few things should be made clear at once: *The Liberal Papers* does *not* recommend unilateral disarmament, the surrender of Taiwan to Mao Tse-tung, the abandonment of West Berlin, or the immediate subjugation of the United States to the will of the United Nations. Indeed, some of the essays don't possess a partisan character at all. Emile Benoit's encouraging discussion of the economics of disarmament and Kingsley Davis' more sobering essay on population trends are straightforward, objective analysis. So too, the lead essay by David Riesman and Michael Maccoby on the general state and temperament of mid-century America, while provocatively disenchanting in its low assessment of our society's capacity for world leadership, touches only slightly on real political issues.

The remaining nine contributions do cover politically controversial ground, but what they outline comes close to a minimum program for keeping the peace. Quincy Wright's plea for strengthening the United Nations has probably done the most to scare hyper-patriotic critics, though his actual proposals are really quite modest: repeal the Connally Amendment, which severely qualifies United States participation in the World Court (even Nixon is for that), admit all *de facto* governments to the General Assembly — including mainland China and the two Germanys — and try, somehow, to de-emphasize America's commitment to regional alliance outside the U.N. No doubt Allen Whiting's piece on Red China ranks as next most outrageous: he suggests diplomatic recognition. And I suspect Stuart Hughes's recommendations for disengagement in Europe along the lines of the Rapacki Plan have also proved too radical for conservative blood.

BEYOND this, the book includes Charles Osgood's ingenious scheme for reducing international tensions and at least decelerating the arms race. His program of "graduated and reciprocal initiatives" provides an enlightened alternative to the present deterrence mess, which in turn is excellently analyzed by Arthur Waskow. Walter Millis also contributes a piece on military policy; he advocates as an immediate goal an arms control program which gives up the deadly quest for a first-strike capacity and reserves nuclear weapons for retaliatory purposes. Everybody in the book favors general and complete disarmament . . . eventually . . . somehow. . . .

Finally, there are essays on the underdeveloped areas: two very brief papers, one by Frank Tannenbaum on Latin America, one by Vera Dean on Southeast Asia. The policy recommendations for both areas are similar: send in fewer guns and more money (preferably through the U.N); where there are democratic and reform elements in these societies, support them; and be happy if the uncommitted peoples remain uncommitted. Quite unaccountably, Africa receives no special attention in the book.

James Warburg's sketchy, over-all examination of American foreign affairs expresses accurately enough the consensus of *The Liberal Papers*. The foreign-policy liberals are calling for what has been dubbed a "no-win policy": moderation, negotiation, disarmament and coexistence. And what else makes any sense as foreign policy these days? At least the no-winners have defined what they seek. Those who demand "total victory" in the cold war have yet to tell us what that glamorous phrase means.

There is not a single idea in this book that isn't at least defensible, intellectually and morally, not one that a courageous leadership, prepared to educate the public and to rely heavily on the force of its enlightened opinion, could not set about implementing in short order. But what are the chances of this happening? Not hopeless perhaps, but certainly not good. The Kennedy Administration is now fifteen months old. In that time, Kennedy, in his haste to create a heroic Presidential image, has

THEODORE ROSZAK teaches history at Stanford University.

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cast himself in the role of Horatius at the bridge — unfortunately in the defense of many bad, old policies. In Asia, in central Europe, in Latin America, in the military establishment, he has simply taken over as his own much of the melancholy heritage of the Truman-Eisenhower-Dulles years, a burden of ossified unrealities and questionable commitments he might, with some imagination and daring, have written off as Republican bumbling. Whatever the New Frontier is supposed to mean, it has not meant a New Deal in foreign policy.

The publication of *The Liberal Papers* would seem to be an unlikely fulcrum for turning the history of the Kennedy Administration. Still, the Republicans, clearly confident that there is no market in America for new attitudes in foreign policy, have chosen to make much of it. They have challenged Kennedy to a great debate on the issues raised by these twelve modest essays. John Kennedy's chances of being the brave, great man he clearly wants very much to be will shrink perceptibly if he ignores their challenge.

Mediator of Two Cultures

SCIENCE AND SENSIBILITY. By James R. Newman. Simon and Schuster. Vol. 1: 372 pp. Vol. 2: 309 pp. $10 set.

THE RULE OF FOLLY. By James R. Newman. Simon and Schuster. 64 pp. $1 paper.

Robert Claiborne

EVER since C. P. Snow first suggested that most educated non-scientists are remarkably ignorant about science, a rising mutter of dissent has emanated from devotees and amateurs of the liberal arts. The substance of their complaints is tolerably familiar: scientists are equally ignorant of the humanities (often true—Snow said as much—but hardly relevant); mankind is gaining the scientific world but losing his soul (or that part of it which our liberal-arts-educated acquisitive society has left him); the present need is not more science but more values.

If the burden of these arguments is about as expected, the tone is not, ranging as it does from irritation through anger to the Vishinskyesque outpourings of F. R. Leavis, whose recent discourse on Snow is best characterized as poor, nasty, brutish and far too long. To be sure, this particular champion of humanism has something of a reputation for academic billingsgate. But his ululations merely amplify the mutterings of many others, and make him, in effect, the unfettered subconscious of the liberal artisans—an id, seeing itself a superego.

There is no question, then, that Snow has touched a nerve. Several, in fact.

Nerve number one: Liberal arts domination of the academic and intellectual communities, so long taken for granted, is passing. Of the current crop of Ph.Ds, something like half are scientists, and the proportion keeps rising on that side. The liberal arts brotherhood is being reduced to a second-class power and, like Britain, humanly resents it.

Nerve number two: The liberal artisans, like the rest of us, are afraid in a world that science (and a lot of other forces) made; those who are strangers to science are extra frightened. Hence the rise of a sort of humanist John Birchery, with the Scientist rather than the Red playing devil. A world which appears to have gone out of control generates much the same symptoms in retired general and literary critic: a disposition to oversimplify history and a hunt for a personal demon.

Nerve number three, and perhaps the most sensitive: Professional pride. Science, as Snow and others have explicitly pointed out, is more than a collection of facts or even a technique for dealing with them. It is a personal and creative enterprise which has engaged many thousands of human beings, including some of the keenest minds of our civilization. Yet the humanists, whose proper study is man, must cry halt at the laboratory door and confess that they do not comprehend the new men within. If the entertainment industry (including much of the daily press) has too often portrayed the scientist as crank-*cum*-witch-doctor, the serious artist has barely portrayed him at all. (Snow's own attempts in this direction are outstanding *faute de mieux.*) And neither the artist nor his critics and historians care to be reminded of this omission.

That this blind spot toward science weakens humanism itself seems to me beyond question. Science, both as a social force and as a way of life, will play a major role in shaping human civilization for the foreseeable future—and anyone who hopes to comprehend humanity must come to terms with this fact. But humanist blindness to science is also a disservice to the rest of us—scientists or intellectual mugwumps. Scientific solutions do not automatically achieve human solutions. In the translation of technics into institutions, the scientist is no more (and often less) competent than his humanist colleague. Both are necessary to the solution of the twentieth-century predicament. Hence the need for intellectual bridge builders.

SIGNIFICANTLY, and perhaps unfortunately, most of the bridges now in progress have been started from the science side. Bronowski is a physicist; so is Philip Morrison (who ought to write more than he does). Eiseley is an anthropologist and even Snow, though he is now (*pace* Professor Leavis) a novelist, was a scientist first. Among the few non-scientists is James Newman.

Newman's qualifications as a bridge

ROBERT CLAIBORNE is a science writer and editor working in New York.

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builder are impressive. Best known nowadays as an amateur of and commentator on science, he has behind him a career as lawyer and civil servant. The bulk of his recent writings, including most of the essays in *Science and Sensibility,* was written for the scientist-readers of *Scientific American.* Non-scientists will find them no less engrossing; a good bridge can sustain two-way traffic.

The collection, as the author notes, is a miscellany, touching, among other matters, on Greek education and Soviet criminal law. However, "the largest section by far deals with scientists and philosophers."

Beyond this bald statement, the book is hard to describe. It is not an exposition of scientific fact, though it contains an excellent, nontechnical account of relativity and (rather tougher going) of electromagnetic theory. It concerns itself minimally with the private life or "human side" of the scientist, though there is no lack of human color (Cardano: "too improbable for even the Italian renaissance"; and Laplace: "a virtuoso in the art of rapid [political] adaptation," are among the more vivid specimens).

But Newman's essential concern is the scientist *qua* scientist—a man who expresses his humanity by seeking to impose order on the chaos of fact. No reader of these sketches can continue to see the scientist as a mere snapper-up of unconsidered (or considered) trifles, a collector and classifier. If collection and classification are an essential part of the scientific enterprise (indeed the most laborious part), they are in a sense the least part. The scientist who is more than hack (there are thousands of scientific hacks, as there are literary and critical hacks) is above all a visionary, a spinner of theologies. His whole life is based, as has been elsewhere noted, on a magnificent act of faith: faith that the superficially unreasonable is reasonable at bottom; faith that nature does not multiply entities unnecessarily; faith that the chaos of reality is grounded in orderly law.

While Newman does not hammer on this point, he repeatedly implies and exemplifies it in detail. His collection comes as close as any work I know to conveying the *flavor* of the scientific enterprise, and for this reason it is not to be gulped, but savored. It will not make you a scientist, but it will make you think in a new way about science.

IF *Science and Sensibility* will make you think, *The Rule of Folly* will—or should—make you furious. In this brief, incandescent pamphlet, Newman summons up his considerable stores of dialectic, irony and invective for an attack on the official and semi-official lunatics who toy with the notion of thermonuclear war. His target is (in C. Wright Mills's unforgettable phrase) "crackpot realism"—the philosophy which preposterously ponders a politico-military strategy predicated on a mass-suicide pact. His remarks on Herman Kahn are by themselves worth the price of admission (though a more accessible price should be set on a second edition).

Unlike too many liberal commentators, Newman refuses to fight on the enemy's ground. He recognizes that the road back to sanity in public discussion of war and peace begins, not with logic-chopping, but with a rejection of basic assumptions. Once you accept the premise that civilization can "under certain circumstances" be defended by destroying it, you are well along the primrose path to the great firestorm. *The Rule of Folly* spells out, with indignant eloquence, just what the premise implies.

Khrushchev's resumption of testing, destructive and depressing though it was, had at least the grim merit of fixing clearly in the public mind the real implications of an H-bomb war. Talk of peace has become almost respectable during the past few months. To the greater credit of Newman, his remarks on the subject were written before the cold-war fixations showed these signs of thaw. It is peculiarly fitting, I think, that a man who so successfully bridges the gap between the sciences and the humanities should have had the nerve to say what he has said and the skill to say it superbly.

Saints and Rulers

TSAR AND PEOPLE: Studies in Russian Myths. By Michael Cherniavsky. Yale University Press. 258 pp. $6.

Sidney Monas

A YOUNG American historian has attempted, without sighs of "How Russian!" and without invoking eschatology, to trace and to discuss the origins, development, and some of the socio-psychological functions of two great Russian national myths, from which derive the familiar phrases, "Little Father Tsar" and "Holy Russia." He has written an exciting book.

The worship of power and the expression of that worship in terms of myth are common to all peoples. Cherniavsky makes excellent use of the work of Ernst Kantorowicz who, in *The King's Two Bodies,* discussed the medieval European image of the ruler, his dual nature resembling that of Christ — human in his person, and subject to human frailties; but in his power, divine. Kantorowicz traced from this mythological conception the emergence of the idea of "office." To Russia, on the other hand, the idea of office came hard, if at all. In Western Europe, Roman conceptions of a secular state existed prior to Christianity, never disappeared entirely, and were gradually rediscovered. In Western Europe, moreover, the role of the prince as intercessor for his people in the process of salvation could not be, in the presence of an increasingly powerful and independent international Church, an exclusive one. In medieval and post-medieval Russia, the Church was coincident with the State and the prince was regarded as *ipso facto* a saint.

"In Russian popular tradition and in Russian political theology," Cherniavsky writes, "all princes were seen as saints, through actions or in their being, mediators between God and their people in life and in death, and in that sense true images of Christ." The very concept of the State came to Russia with Christianity, and there was no concept of a *secular* state "outside Christianity and its purposes." The ruler, like Christ, accepting his role as mediator, became a *strastoterpets* or passion-sufferer. This myth remained alive in the popular imagination, through several important crises, until the reign of Alexander III (1881-1894), under the weight of whose Imperial rump no myth could endure.

IF THE MYTH of the humble, passion-suffering Tsar, the "little father," identified the Russian ruler with Christ, a related myth of later origin made Christianity the distinctive feature of being Russian and vice versa. Russians followed their ruler as Christians following Christ in the economy of salvation.

In one of the letters Kurbsky wrote

SIDNEY MONAS is the author of Third Section: Police and Society in Russia under Nicholas I (*Harvard University Press*). *He is now completing a book on the family in Russian literature from Pushkin to Pasternak.*

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from exile to taunt his former master, Ivan the Terrible, Cherniavsky finds the first written instance of "Holy Russia." Here it is used as a standard by which to judge the behavior of the Tsar. By departing from the tradition of his ancestors and of his own early years, Ivan has placed in jeopardy not only his personal salvation but that of his people and for his misdeeds even his ancestors may be rejected from Heaven. Holy Russia — the Christianity of Russians — becomes a measure for the appropriateness or inappropriateness of the ruler's actions. Thus, Cherniavsky claims Holy Russia has always been anti-State in its implications.

THE empirical circumstances, which gave rise to the myth of Holy Russia were the Council of Florence (1439), the fall of Byzantium (1453), and the struggle against Poland-Lithuania and Roman Catholicism from the late fifteenth to the early seventeenth century. Out of these events, Russia emerged as the sole surviving Orthodox power — "the Third Rome" in the Church-sponsored ideology adopted by the State. The equation of "Russian" with "Orthodox" was reinforced. God had punished the Byzantines for their compact with the Latins at Florence. Russia, having kept the faith, remained independent of infidel rule.

With the extinction of the Rurik line of rulers after the death of Fedor the Bellringer, with the subsequent chaos, civil war and social conflict of the Time of Troubles, the Poles invaded Russia and attempted to install a Polish king in Moscow. Once again, Orthodoxy proved to be the distinctive uniting feature. The Poles were driven out and the Romanov dynasty was established with the help of the Church.

The first two Romanov rulers conformed scrupulously to the public image of the passion-sufferer. Tsar Alexis used ceremonial forms of address that emphasized his "humility" and "unworthiness" at the same time that he tightened autocratic rule and expanded and secularized the administration of the State. Serving the State, the Church itself became secularized, forcing a distinction between the official hierarchy and "the faith." With the great schism, the hierarchy fell completely under the domination of the State. Western technology and Western techniques of administration kept seeping into Russia throughout the seventeenth century. Given the vast territory, the conglomerate population, the deep social cleavages, the presence of technologically more advanced powers on the borders and all the problems of defense and prestige in a Europe undergoing the administrative revolution of absolutism, the secularization and secular elaboration of the Russian State strikes one as inevitable, and indeed it proceeded apace under the early Romanovs. And yet, in Russian popular and intellectual tradition, this process is intensely associated with Peter the Great.

He was the first Russian ruler to break formally and conventionally with the image of the saintly prince. He appeared publicly always in a secular role and spoke of himself as "the first servant of the State." In his diplomacy, following the European convention of sovereignty, he treated with minor German princes as "equals." He arrayed himself in foreign clothes, manners and conventions, and called himself (and his successors) "Imperator," not Tsar. He made the Church officially a branch of the State, presided over by a lay bureaucrat. Observed through the eyes of myth, Peter the Great became thereby the antichrist, a German changeling and not the "true Christian Russian Tsar."

Nevertheless, some confusion of Peter with the saintly passion-sufferer was still possible. For seventy years thereafter, his successors were foreigners and women. State ceremonial became elaborately European. Yet Holy Russia still dreamed of the "true" passion-sufferer; and under the impact of the Napoleonic invasion, Alexander I was able to revive the myth in a modern form. His successor, Nicholas I, attempted to fuse it into his expanded bureaucracy and European-style political police, but with bizarre results. Nicholas II clung to it at a time when, whatever the appeal of Holy Russia, only Rasputin and the Black Hundreds could think of him as the "little father." His faith in this image may to some extent account for his stubborn opposition to constitutional change.

FOR THE gentry class, European by education, Russian by birth, the intertwining myths of saintly Tsar and Holy Russia posed a special dilemma. The gentry was forced to choose — either to identify itself with the State or with Holy Russia. Those who chose Holy Russia formed the nucleus of what later became (as education reached other segments of the population) "the intelligentsia." However much these *"intelligenty"* differed and quarreled among themselves, they shared in common a loathing for the State apparatus as it existed in Russia and looked for symbolic virtue to Holy Russia. They found themselves confronting the problems of servitude, economic and cultural backwardness, from the lonely distance education and privilege had placed between themselves and the peasant masses, the citadel of Holy Russia. They were strongly tempted to find virtue in the very misery and primitiveness of Russian life, and some did. Herzen "discovered" the village commune as a pledge to socialism; Dostoevsky "discovered" the humility born of poverty, and oppression as a "god-bearing" gift, Holy Russia has played an enormous, if by no means an exclusive, role in the formation of Russian thought down to the present day.

Cherniavsky is strongest in dealing with the period before the middle of

Saul Bellow says:

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the eighteenth century. In the nineteenth century, his thematic development tends to become a little diffuse, flitting too haphazardly amidst a welter of symptoms and examples. His use of literary materials, occasionally brilliant, suffers occasionally from a certain critical insensitivity. Pushkin's *Ruslan and Liudmilla*, for instance, smells to me much more of Ossian and Parny than it does of Holy Russia; and Tolstoy's admiration for Platon Karataev embraced both more and less than the Russian Soul. Writing as a historian rather than as a psychologist or philosopher of myth, Cherniavsky occasionally yields to the temptation of attributing too much to specific instances, as in his reference to Peter III's release of the gentry from state service.

These defects are both minor and rare. I think no one can read this fascinating book without acquiring a fuller sense of the drama of Russian history, and a better understanding of the role of myth in political and social life. It seems to me also full of fruitful ideas and suggestions that require further elaboration. I would like to think of it as a kind of prolegomena to a fuller study of Russian national character — outside the framework of eschatology, and quite different from the rather dubious ahistorical psychoanalytic interpretations that have been attempted — with broader themes and a chronology that went beyond 1917. Few people could undertake such an ambitious venture with finer qualifications of erudition, imagination and critical intelligence, than Cherniavsky, or with better prospects of success.

ART

Max Kozloff

THE TRADITION of Western still life was never struck as serious a blow by the twentieth century as was suffered by a number of other genres, landscape and portraiture predominantly. Yet this was not because of any enduring value of still life as a "mode." Indeed, if our vision has not rejected the old categories and distinctions of subject matter outright, it has hopelessly devalued them. Rather, a taste for the inanimate and serene survives because modern painting, for the first time, has approximated the condition of still life itself. If one wants to think here of the origins of abstraction, it is relevant.

But still life is by no means that incarnation of "pure painting" it is popularly supposed to be. For every Cézanne or Braque, there exists a Soutine or de Chirico. And frequently it happens that artists who experience an impasse with their habitual motifs turn to still life as a means to discharge energy, and to work through their problems without the distractions that ambitious themes imply. Because of its very neutrality, the still-life subject can be all the apter a vehicle of feeling, and the clearer a crystallizer of tension. No more natural pretext for the display of structure and/or expression is available — short of the non-representational.

Under these circumstances, I was considerably taken aback by the New York debut of Wayne Thiebaud (Allan Stone). He is a painter who not only has the effrontery to create still lifes in the most conventional sense of the word, but whose interest in his subjects is not submerged by his own pictorial conflicts. Thiebaud paints barbecue beef sandwiches, ice cream cones, pie wedges, drink syrups, gum ball machines, cup cakes and hot dogs. In sum, he delights in the pseudo-fresh, flourescent-lit staples of our roadside diners, automats and dime-store lunch counters. He is the poet laureate of the coffee break, or the truck driver's dream. Moreover, he does not so much arrange his compositions, as display his wares. They are aligned in monotonous files, as never ending in quantity as they are undistinguished in quality. Occasionally one is found by itself, a leftover getting stale in a corner. Compare this with the way a pheasant would nobly rot, or a petal poetically fall, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and you will see that Thiebaud's is not exactly a heroic vision of still life. Yet even his most modest lollipop is a personage, of sorts. It was André Malraux who remarked amusingly (but hardly accurately) that "the Dutch may not have invented still life, but they were the first to stop treating it as food for the apostles." Thiebaud leaps back in time, yet stays modern, by giving us food for the common man.

He is, therefore, an outrageously topical painter, whose sociological insinuations and banal iconography would hardly account by themselves for the disturbing impact with which his work greets you. If Thiebaud had chosen to employ a bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich merely as a formal construct, the results might have been piquant, but hardly memorable. And if he had decided to provide only an illustration of this edible, they would have been commercial. No doubt his art reminds us of illustrations or effigies: the charaded malts and corny signs that abound in American ice cream parlors. But the popular style of these images has been incorporated into the still life without being responsible for it. What one sees is neither naturalism nor abstraction, but an artistic satire of commercial illustration which, in turn, is a vulgarization of Western still life.

It is fruitless to work back to the actual object through all these reflected removes, because said object no longer exists — only the various manipulated means of seeing it. Hence the mystery and discomfort, but above all the irony, of Thiebaud's work. Just as the victuals themselves are fictional, so too, he seems to be saying, is the creative sensibility. But in acknowledging his bondage to the most absurdly generalized and anonymous of idioms, he invents a new freedom. For, by intensifying the already ostentatious phoniness of the palette, luminosity and texture of popular illustration, he has arrived at previously invisible sensations, and a modest truth. This shifting of the context has not only netted a formal gain, but produced the striking implausibility of these works. Far from being a mere proletarian in an old genre, Thiebaud interrogates the nature of the *real* itself.

SUCH are the processes which I interpret as evidence for the vitality, perhaps even the uniqueness, of this vision. Thiebald, however, can be associated

Orpheus

therefor to open
mouth, and let
the voice

flayed, and eaten, piece
by lean piece, and with what
shovings of the greasy fingers
to the mouth, to get
full flavors

who, also, went
down, and, came
up, a
coming back, and,
then, hid

he fell to the
cannibal girls
after this

Joel Oppenheimer

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with the luminaries of a burgeoning group that has already been labeled by one writer as "the kitschniks," or "American Dreamers." But he stops far short of their fond and illusionistic portrayal of our billboard culture. If their technique requires that they avoid or disguise any visible execution (in order that their images simulate the real thing), a canvas by Thiebaud is a veritable palimpsest of manual gestures: strokes, brush marks and wrist movements. This forty-three-year-old Californian is an exponent of the dash and floridness we associate with painting from the Far West. Yet he has now locked in and focused his passages within ridges of pigments that reveal the strictest control. His over-all tonality is like calcimine, set off by hues as pungent as a chartreuse mustard, or the azure shadows of his occasionally revealed underpainting. By some alchemy, however, Thiebaud does not seem to be working with oil paint at all, but a substance composed of flour, albumen, butter and sugar. If it is a cup cake he shows us, then his pigment is frosting, and if a pie, his material resembles nothing so much as meringue. (The show is like a kid's party for grown-ups.) This uncanny mimetic quality of Thiebaud's handling is the essence of his wit, because the paint apes the edible, while obviously asserting itself as inorganic matter. At the same time, it mocks, perhaps unwittingly, those old master still lifes whose rationale was to incite the glutton. Come to life, a grape by the Dutch de Heem would be a succulent marvel; but a superficially luscious sweetmeat of Thiebaud's would gag in our throat.

OF COURSE, a knowledge of art history is not necessary to respond to these cabalistic still lifes. Thiebaud paints with all the virtuosity of Manet or Morandi, although undoubtedly his world is harsher and less humane than theirs. His surfaces are juicy (the sign of a constant appetite for paint), but his thought is arid. As magnetic specters of our most immediate commerce with matter, these images remain self-sufficient.

Nevertheless, he satisfies one of the age-old principles of the still-life tradition: that a practitioner discover some virtue, not in inanimate objects as such (most elements of visual experience may have that virtue), but in the *isolation* of the inanimate object. He invests many of our poor nutrients with a sardonic, bright pathos, partially because of this isolation. After seeing a Thiebaud, one can no longer walk into a hamburger stand with the same casual familiarity. But it is the contribution to art that I applaud the most. I am not sure whether it is "pure" or "impure," but I do know that contact with it has enriched my inner and aesthetic life.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

WE ARE all confident we know everything about Ibsen, but I wonder. We are certain he was a grim realist, indeed the archetype of that breed. Yet Ibsen wrote *Emperor and Galilean, Brand, Peer Gynt* to begin with; and ended with *When We Dead Awaken,* in which we observe him slipping away into something difficult to place in any specific category. Then again, the dramatist who shook not only the pillars of society but the foundations beneath them was a man who questioned himself more acutely than did any of his ethically concerned critics. One might say that Ibsen's work is the dramatization of self-doubt. The more I see of Ibsen the more he seems to me to grow in stature because his plays represent a moral dialectic, a constant correction of his own theses.

Brand is a portrait of the uncompromising moralist: he is shown to be as destructive as he is awesome. *Peer Gynt* is the rugged individualist bent on success and self-assertion, but Peer to accomplish his ends compromises at every point and belies his every personal value. *Ghosts* exposes the danger of abiding by sacraments emptied of private content. *An Enemy of the People* celebrates the man who stands alone; *The Wild Duck* reveals the havoc wrought by the unyielding idealist whose motto is truth at any cost.

In *Rosmersholm* (4th Street Theatre) we learn that those who are unprepared to go all the way in social, political or moral revolutions are doomed to extinction at the half-way post. Convinced that he must break with his forebears—pastors, generals, statesmen of the old régime—Rosmer hasn't the stamina and practical wisdom to make more than a few futile symbolic gestures. The "new woman," the emancipated Rebecca West, who would be ruthless in pursuit of her radical views and "superman" ethic, is softened to impotence by the values inherent in Rosmer's traditional religious beliefs—which under her influence he had presumably renounced.

There is always in Ibsen a struggle against his own "cold" logic. The longer he lived the more he suspected that his strength was robbing him of something he cherished. The indomitable capitalist John Gabriel Borkman, after having destroyed those closest to him, destroys himself. The sculptor of *When We Dead Awaken,* sacrificing his beloved to his art, acknowledges at the end of a glorious career that his creations all have something inhuman about them. Solness in *The Master Builder* is an accredited bigwig; yet he has not been able to rise to the heights. When challenged by Hilda Wangel (the young generation) to do so, he totters to his death. Rebecca West in *Rosmersholm* is Hilda grown older (as Ulric Brendel is Gregers Werle of *The Wild Duck* gone to seed). Rebecca cannot ascend the heights (or descend to the depths) which she had set as a goal for her "master builder" and herself.

It is possible that Ibsen the innovator, the world leader of his time in the theatre, even doubted the ultimate value of his own gifts. He wanted to be something more than he was. Somehow, some-

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where, he believed he had failed. Ibsen's biography is in his plays and it is a magnificently unfinished story. His was a genius not sufficient to his own probing spirit.

It is this that makes *Rosmersholm* an ambiguous and a fascinating play. It is not as complete as *Hedda Gabler* but it attempts to reach further. It is a chapter of a confession that never came to a conclusion—except perhaps that Ibsen admitted he never wholly yielded to love.

The production at the 4th Street Theatre is clean and moves in straight lines so that the text comes through. (It lacks substantial atmosphere or subtle characterization, being too prone to emphasize the play's "melodrama.") One should see *Rosmersholm*.

HERB GARDNER who wrote *A Thousand Clowns*, his first play (Eugene O'Neill Theatre), has talent. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he is adept. He is astute and can write funny lines. One of the ads has it that the play provides "a thousand laughs." Half as many would have been more than enough.

The play might be described as a comic paean to nonconformity. Our audiences, being trapped in the contraptions of our civilization, seek escape: they find it in such plays as *A Thousand Clowns*. It reminds one of Kaufman and Hart's *You Can't Take It With You*.

Mothers-in-Law

Married twice now, I've had two
Mothers-in-law. One visited us,
And required, upon departure,
The services of three gentlemen
with shoehorns
To get her back into her large, black
Studebaker.

The other, Momma-law the Present,
Is (with the exclusion neither
of that other,
my wives
nor the fathers-in-law
of either marriage),
that Studebaker.

Robert Sward

(The earlier play offered relief during the depression; *A Thousand Clowns* offers it in our prosperity.) But notice: the audience that suffers from its conformism cannot break with it, and the play which notes its dilemma ends not only by illustrating conformity but by defending it.

Murray Burns is a lively young free-lance writer of television scripts. His last assignment was to an idiotic children's program performed by a dynamic oaf pathetically caught in the tic of commercial vitality. Murray cannot stand the gaff. He quits his job, figuratively thumbing his nose at his employer and all that he represents. But Murray has a ward, his nephew, a precocious wonder boy of twelve. (Unwittingly the author has made him a true child of Madison Avenue.) Murray has taken care of the boy for five years but, being something of a playboy anarchist in retreat from employment, he rears his charge in a rather loose round of fun and games. The Child Welfare Board wants to remove the boy from Murray's haphazard guardianship. Since Murray loves his nephew and finds that there is no getting out of the rat race of the networks (television or whatever), he returns to his job of collaboration with the obnoxious comic of the children's program.

The play—very thin in plot—is built up in a series of improvisations or sketches—each of which is filled with surprise quips and cute gags. The play also gives evidence of a facility in quick characterization of recognizable contemporary types. One of the best is that of Leo Herman, Murray's television boss, who is a compound of monumental egotism, self-abasement, insecurity and hysterical energy. The scene in which Herman is heard in a harangue over an inter-office speaker is almost insufferably apt. (When Herman himself appears in the last act his presence is anti-climactic: we know all about him through that one long yelp over the intercom.)

I laughed with everyone else, though surely not as often. But as the play proceeded (it struck me as at least twenty minutes too long; the author is inexhaustibly clever), I grew uncomfortable amid the hilarity. Even Mr. Gardner's merits became a source of irritation, for they are at the service of what they deride. The play's anti-conformity is but a reflex of conformity.

Murray Burns has abandoned his job to avoid the irksome confinement of a meaningless trade. What does he do with his freedom? He visits the Statue of Liberty, the movies, he indulges in delicatessen delights, he plays around with girls; above all he shouts eccentrically amusing insults and charming inconsequentialities to all and sundry. He's full of beans and his credo is that everyone else ought to be. But this is nothing but freshman prankishness. It is high spirits *in vacuo*—entirely self-centered.

The nonconformist in a society such as ours has to be twenty times as disciplined as the man of ordinary occupation. To achieve freedom, the rebel must possess a steadiness of judgment, a strength of will, a clarity of purpose beyond anything the simple citizen can realize. To be a real person, and to enjoy life truly, are not a matter of "having a sense of humor" or giving off sparks like a fire- (or wise-) cracker, but of being committed to a deep impulse within oneself that is rationally objectified in some goal outside oneself—a goal set up on behalf of others with whom one feels indissolubly connected. Because its high pressure requires relief, a mechanized society adores its thousand clowns. The laugh-provoking bum is one of society's most useful safety gadgets. Mr. Gardner's play will please hordes and make a million.

Its production is expert. Fred Coe's direction is unrelentingly efficient. The casting and cast are first-rate. Jason Robards, Jr., though essentially a tragic actor, plays comedy with sure command. Barry Gordon, as the infant prodigy, is almost frighteningly proficient. William Daniels is just right as the Child Welfare investigator: sincere, obtuse, funny despite himself. Sandy Dennis has freshness, ease, an unconventional attractiveness—though she becomes vocally monotonous after the first act. Larry Haines is sympathetically direct and wholly plausible as Murray's brother, a contented mediocrity, and Gene Saks renders to perfection the exposed nerve of the terrible TV puppet.

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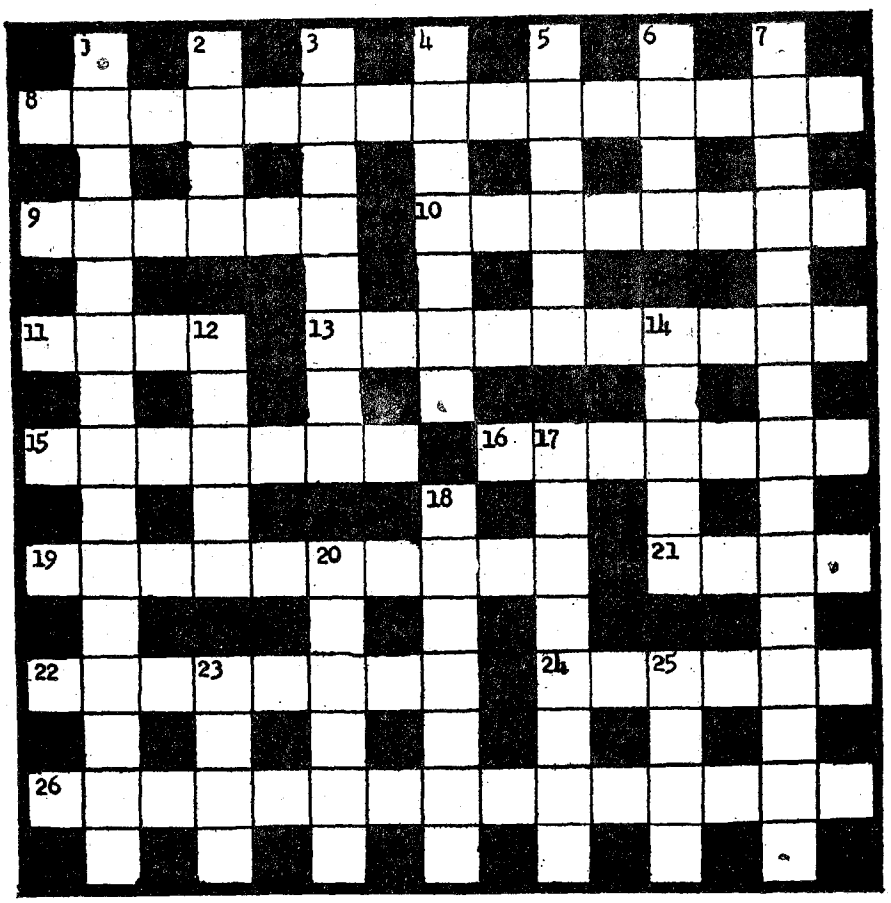
Crossword Puzzle No. 961

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

8 The basic make-up's shade, it seems, is something on which to build. (10, 5)

9 In time, 8 might be reduced. (6)

10 South American money took court action to be printed again. (8)

11 Saw this, if headed by a paid performer—it implies a certain amount of action. (4)

13 It implies the quick might be either going or gone to get a beetle. (10)

15 What sort of man can get around Princess Margaret's man? Good, as opposed to bad. (7)

16 and 2 down Consider as workers those who might be certified. (11)

19 What the writer of "Twist" might have thrown out? (10)

21 Sailed away with what might lead to 1 down, by the sound of it. (4)

22 Knock down a statement that the football classic is ended? (4, 4)

24 Sly, but ship-shape, in a way. (6)

26 Applied frequently by the Man of Distinction? (15)

DOWN:

1 Does it turn one maid blue, upon catching it? (6, 9)

2 See 16 across

3 Frankly, the sweets shouldn't be spread around the broken box-top this way. (8)

4 In the face of it, the vessel leaves daily here. (7)

5 Did the one who first did it to bread, do it to himself? (6)

6 Little Sally would make these indians bows, perhaps. (4)

7 A hook-up to put into grave surroundings one who might "get it for you wholesale." (15)

12 Where one might put in a call for an assassin? (5)

14 Distant way to cozen a lift? (5)

17 The Order of the Broken China Cup? (8)

18 Horsing around with the props? (7)

20 Sea-dogs, no doubt. (6)

23 The 15 of the first half of 13, like a London fog to Hood. (4)

25 Deeds from the Good Book? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 960

ACROSS: 1 Tiring servants; 9 Radicle; 10 Filling; 11 Idolater; 12 Adages; 14 Laid out; 15 Cored; 17 Drape; 19 Evangel; 23 Short cut; 25 Example; 26 Extends; 27 Playing the game.

DOWN: 1 Tarnished; 2 Redpoll; 3 Nectarine; 4 Stevedores; 5 Ruff; 6 Axled; 7 and 22 down Trigger-happy; 8 Ages; 13 Attachment; 15 Cigarette; 16 Demitasse; 18 Abigail; 20 Laconia; 21 and 21 across Free flight; 24 Bean.

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